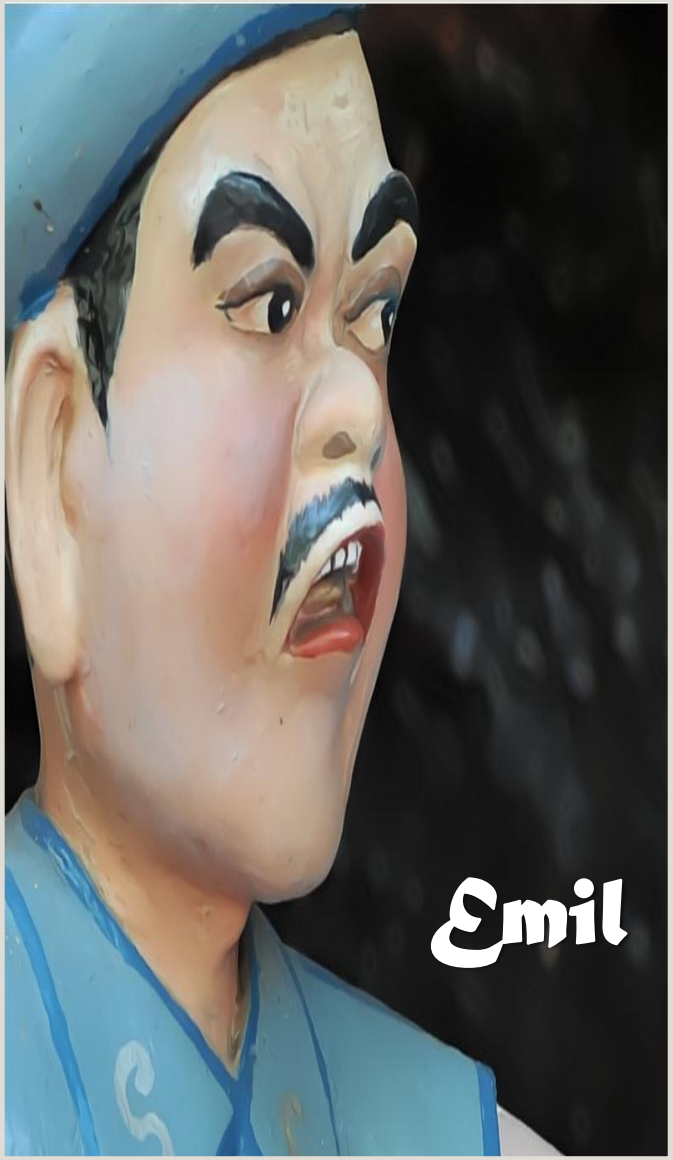

THE FIRST TIGER BALM
ART SHOW

December 9-15th 2024

GIOVANNI METRO STOP GALLERY

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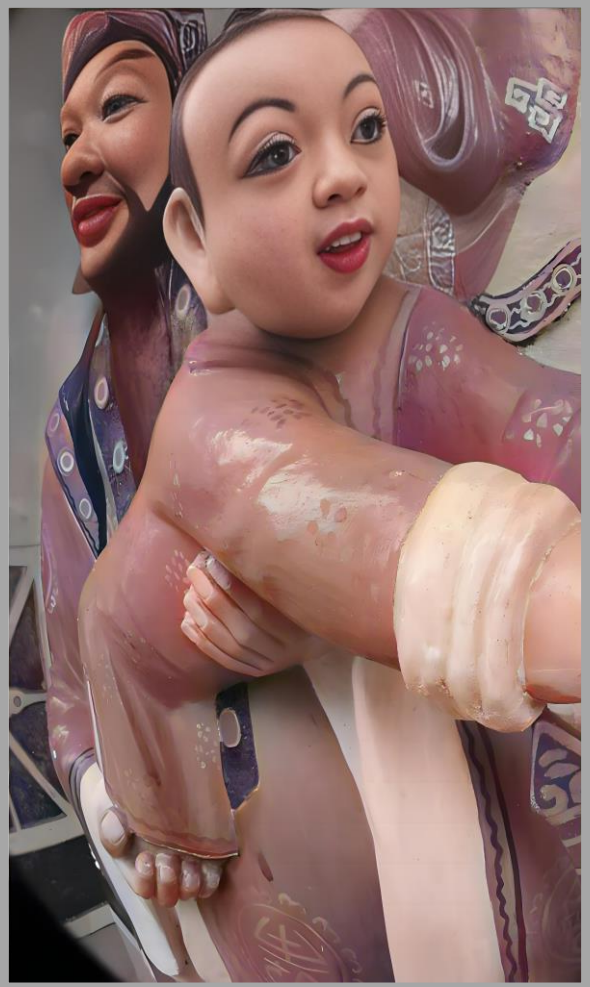

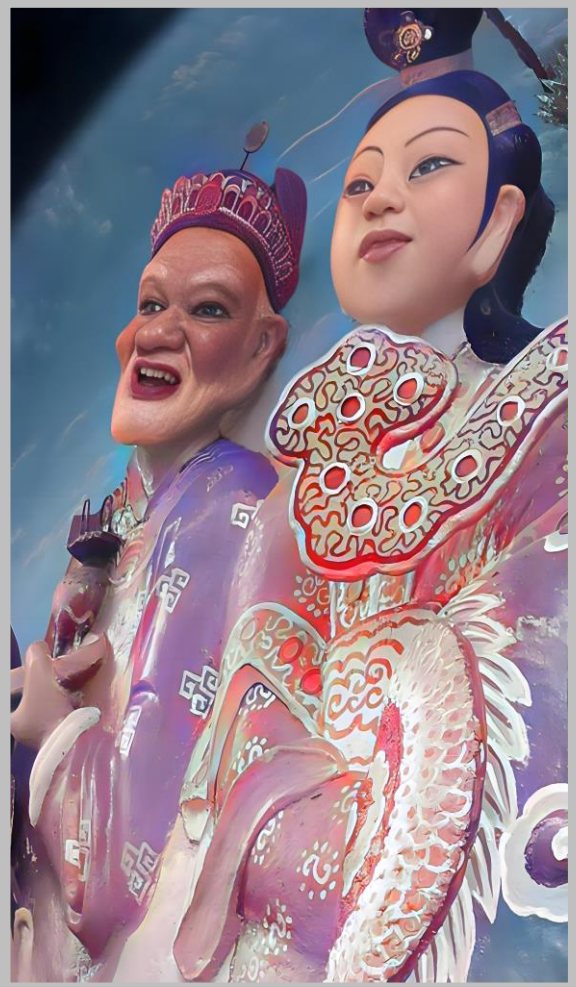

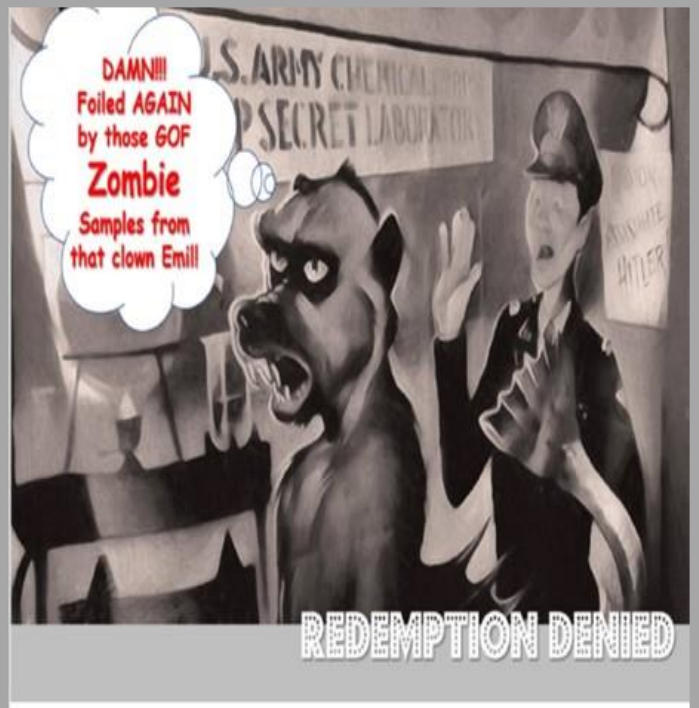

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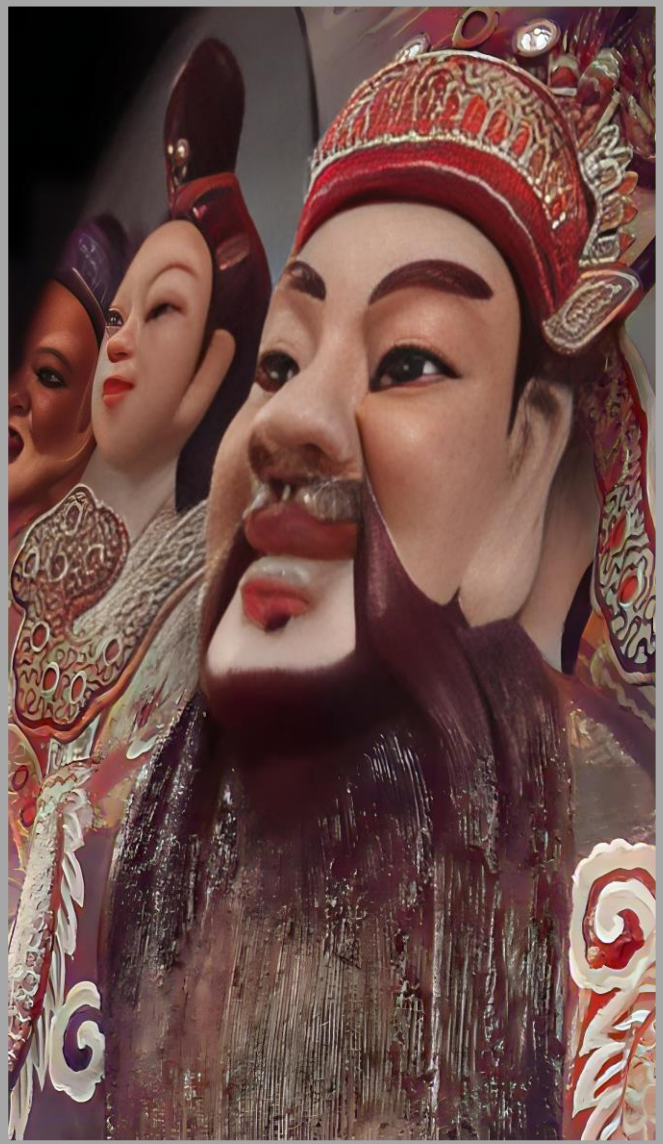
The origins of my fascination with Tiger Balm Gardens can be traced back to the late 1960s, a period during which I unexpectedly discovered this peculiar and timeless sanctuary.

At that time, I found myself financially constrained, a colloquial expression reflecting my lack of funds, and I was yearning for an escape from the ubiquitous, trendy cafes and overpriced tourist attractions that seemed to disdain my naturalist inclinations, which were deeply intertwined with hippy ideals.

In this hidden enclave, I sought a space where I could engage in contemplative thought about the profound mysteries of existence, a practice I had honed to perfection during a rather tedious phase of my graduate studies, where I often found myself dozing with my eyes open, lost in reverie.

In the interest of transparency and in accordance with my responsibilities as a co-founder of the Palmdale Chapter of the now-banned Jesuits of Truth, my quest to uncover this hidden Eden was somewhat serendipitous.



I had inadvertently dozed off on a city bus, only to be abruptly roused by an impatient bus attendant who was eager to conclude his shift and send me on my way.

As I pondered the area that has recently come to be known as "Haw Par," I ascended a lengthy, inclined driveway, initially mistaking it for an abandoned villa, in hopes of gaining a clearer perspective of the surrounding landscape and the distant harbor.

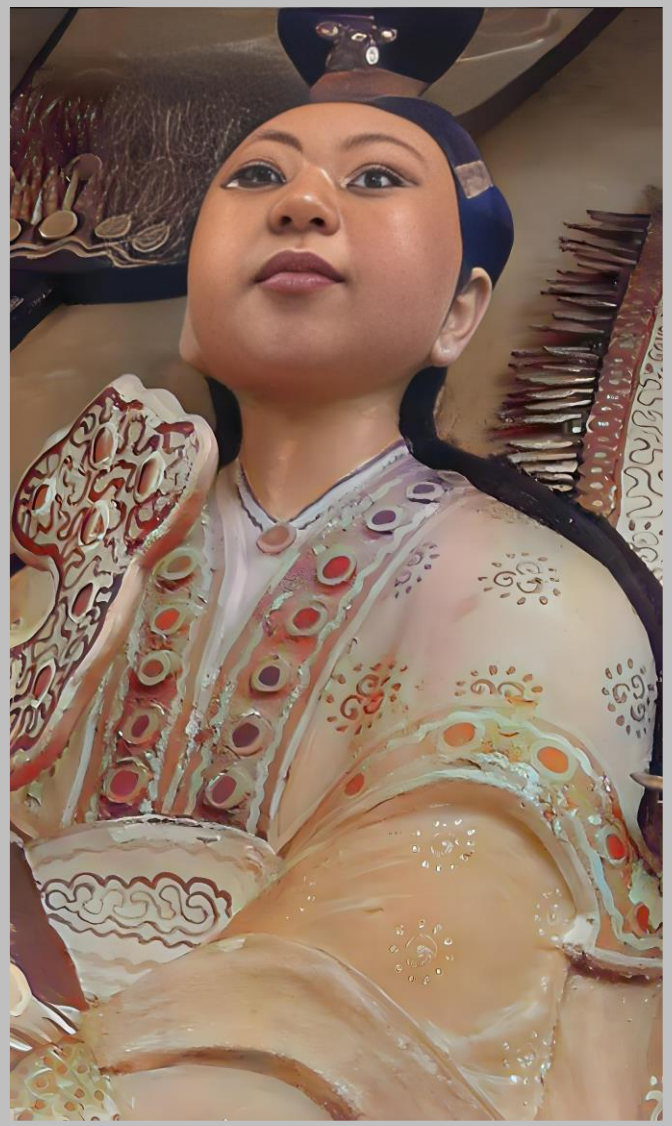
It was at this moment that I encountered

the first grotto, adorned with peculiar, mythological statues that welcomed me into this enigmatic space.

As the day progressed and the sun began its descent, I found myself wandering aimlessly, reflecting on the solitude of my surroundings.

With the realization that I was the sole occupant of the area, I decided to prepare for the night ahead. I unfurled my sleeping bag and kindled a modest campfire, creating a small oasis of warmth amidst the encroaching humidity.

It became evident that the final bus had



already left, having not paused for my return to the transit station, which solidified my decision to settle in for a lengthy and muggy night under the vast expanse of the twilight sky.

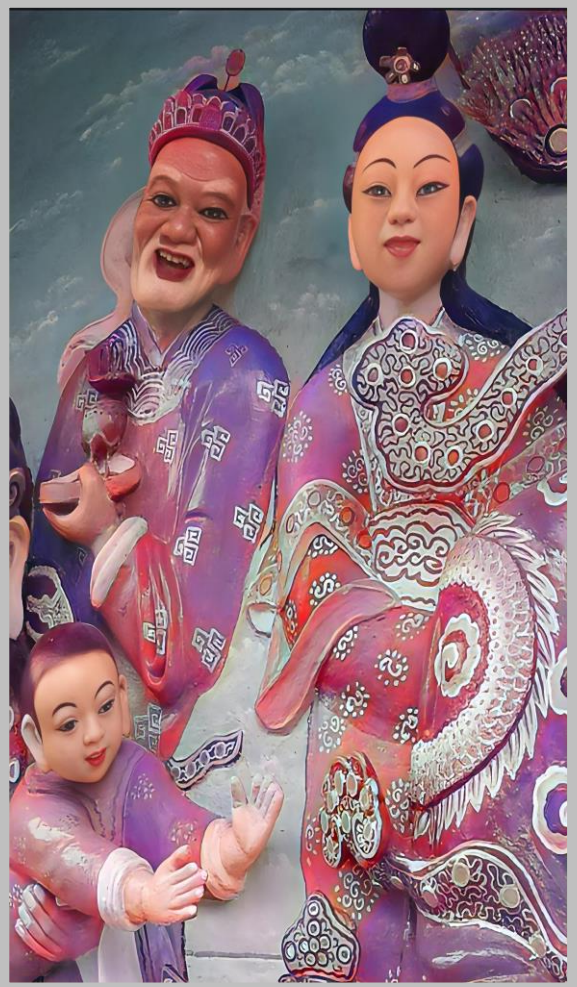
At the stroke of midnight, the full moon emerged from the shroud of clouds that had previously obscured its brilliance, casting a luminous glow that revealed a scene reminiscent of a bygone era, a time when the earliest CIS Humans coexisted in harmony with deities, demons, heroes, and villains of that ancient age.

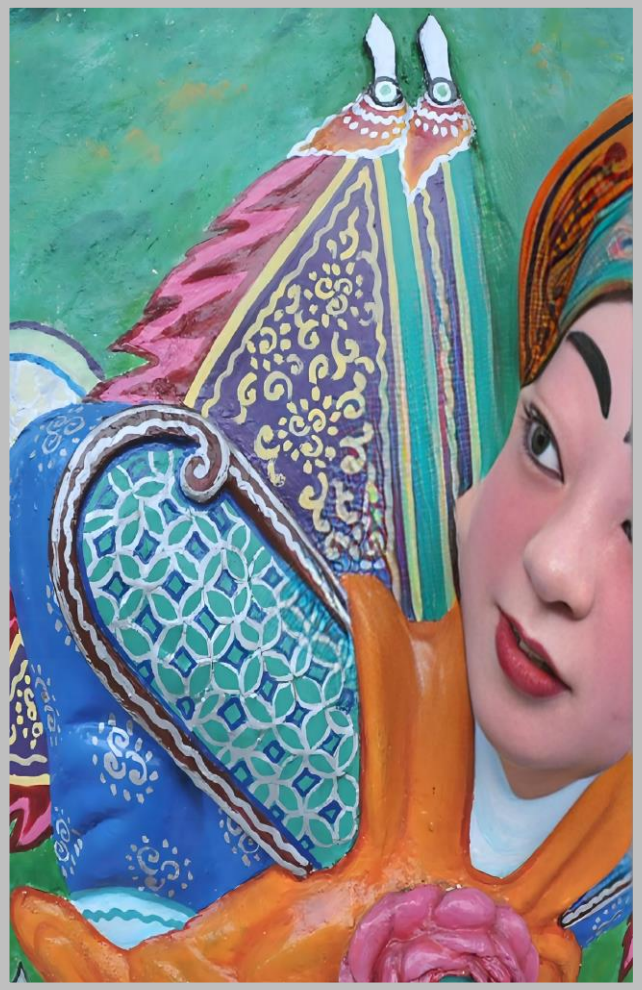
This ethereal illumination transformed the landscape into a vivid tableau of history, evoking a sense of nostalgia for a world long lost. Consequently, Tiger Balm Gardens has become an essential destination for me whenever I find myself in Singapore.

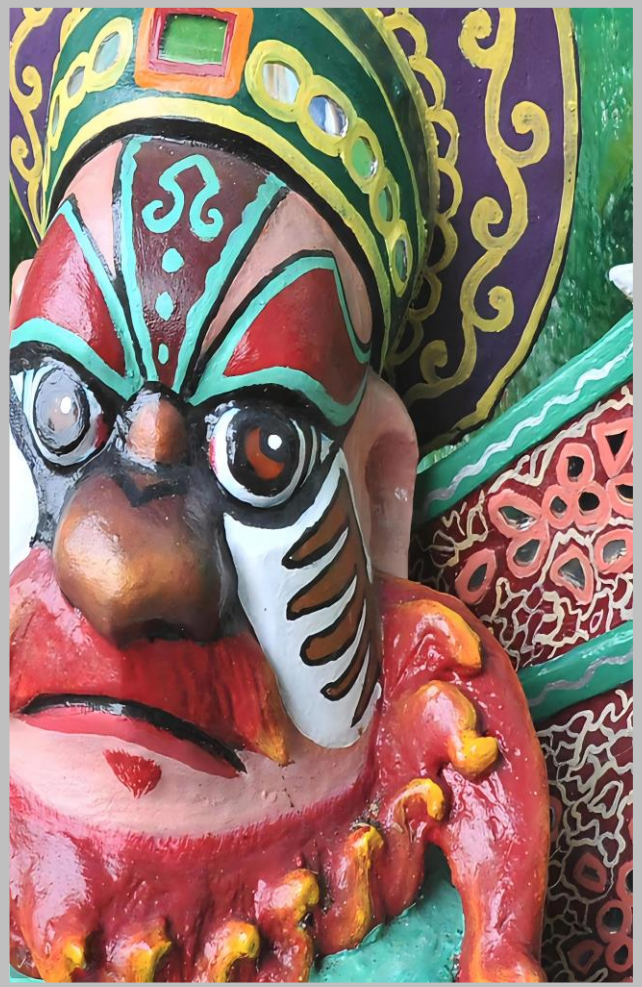
This hidden gem has undergone numerous fluctuations in its fortunes, with various initiatives aimed at restoring it to the vision originally conceived by the Tiger Balm Brothers in the 1930s, prior to its conversion into an Officer's Guest House by the Japanese, who, according

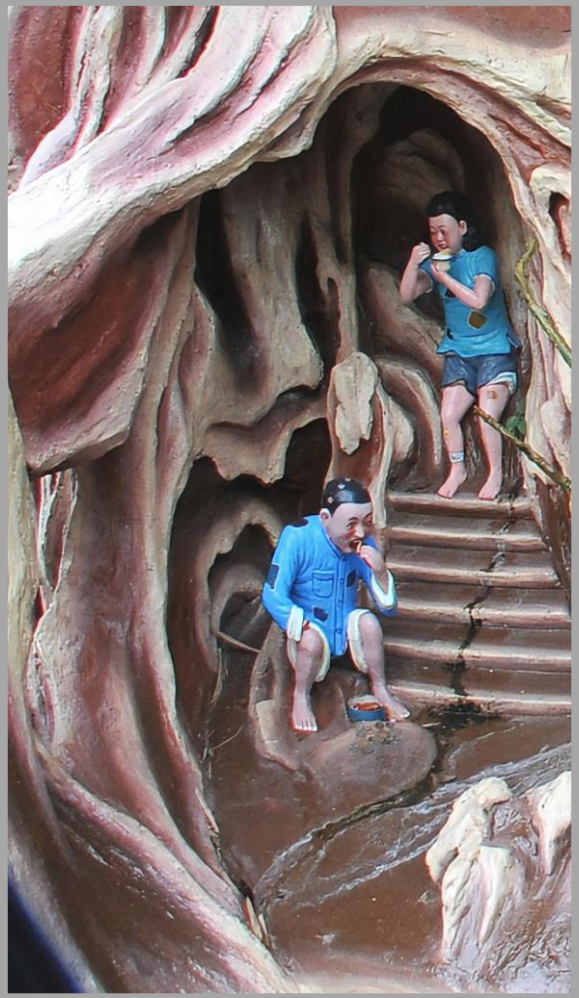
to popular lore, also utilized it as a covert training facility for their commandos. Despite these restoration efforts yielding mixed results, they have failed to capture the public's sustained interest, as the site was never intended to function as a museum or amusement park. Nevertheless, I eagerly anticipate my next visit, approaching it with the same warmth and affection one would reserve for a cherished old friend.

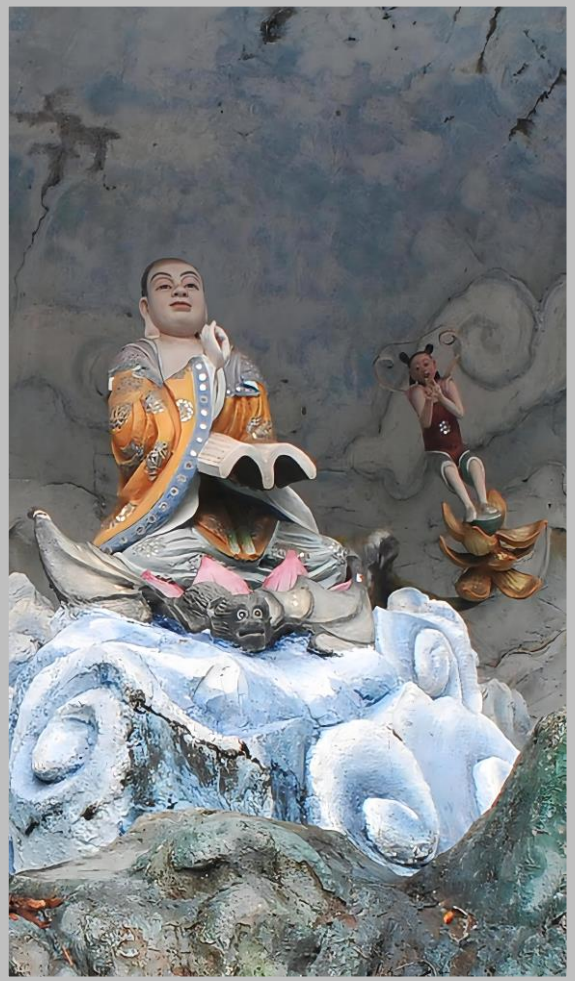
- Emil, 2024

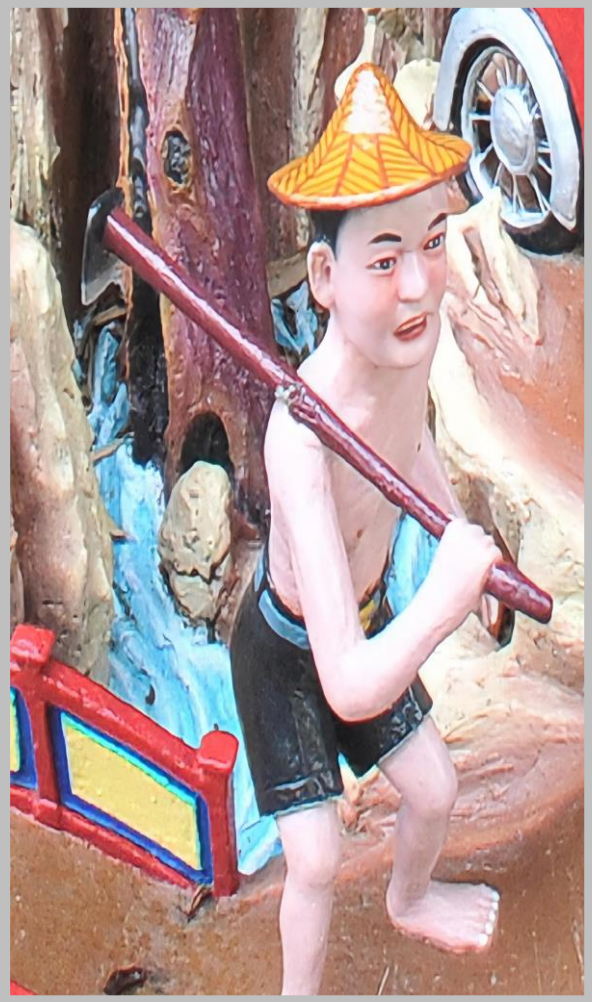












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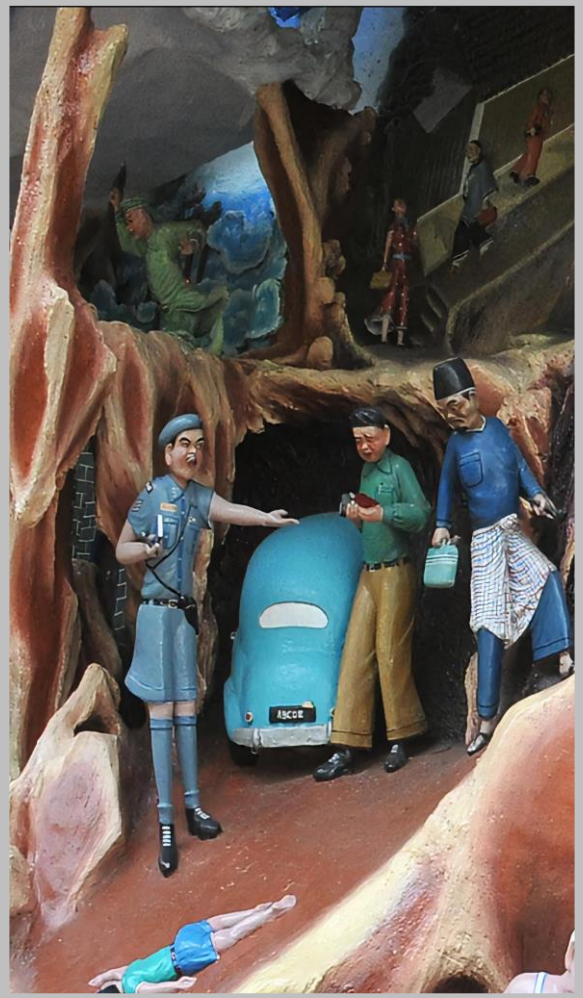
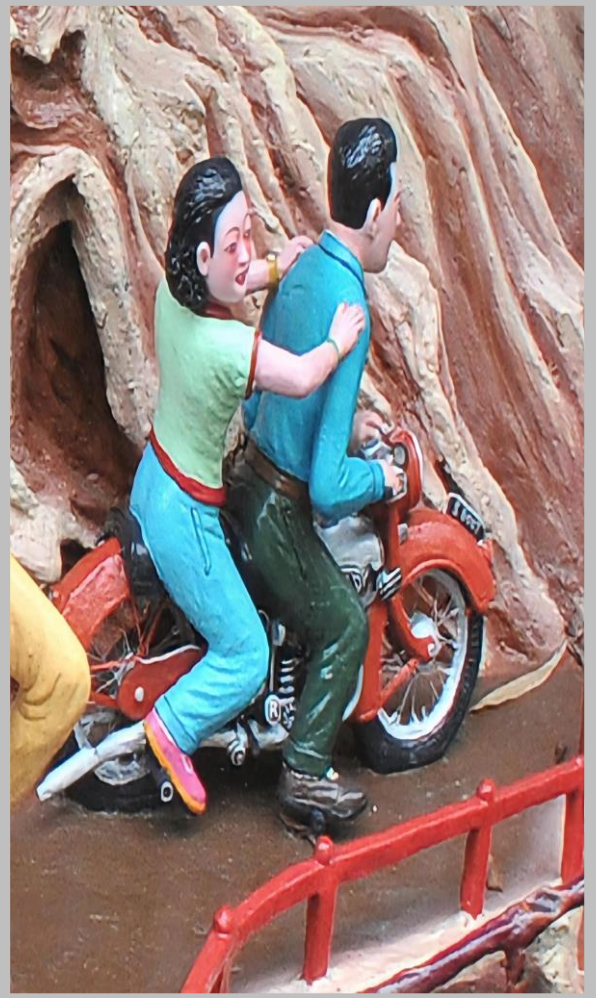
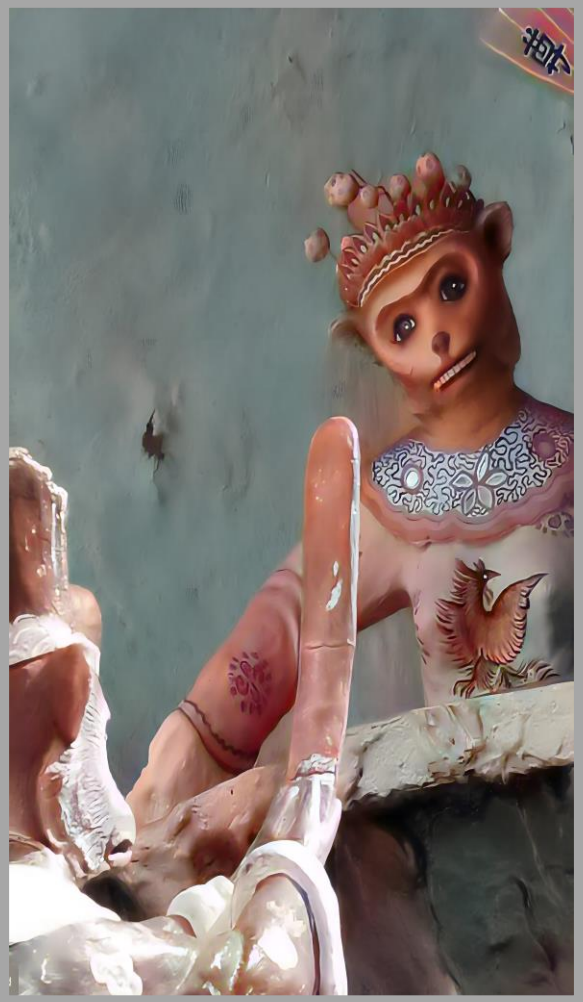
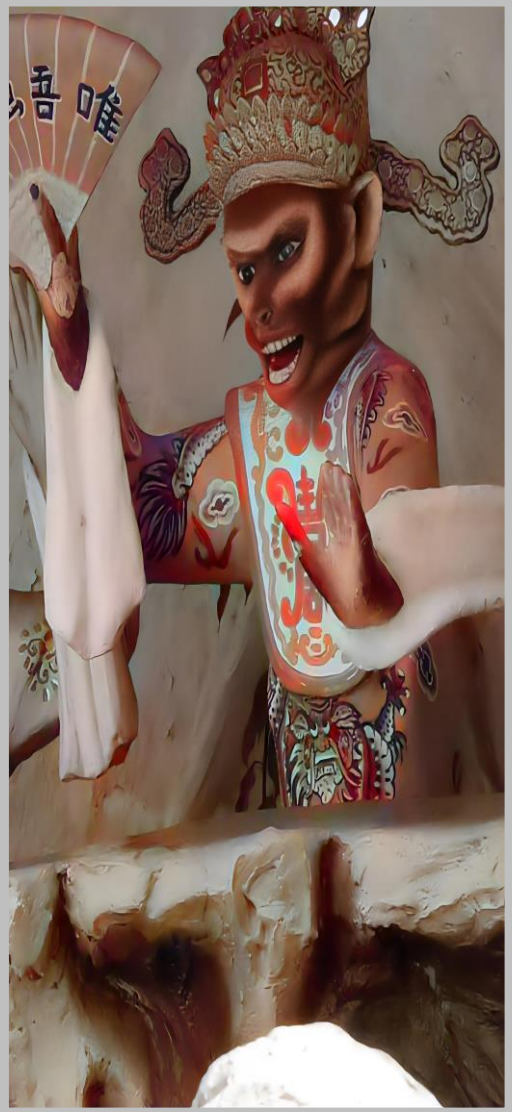
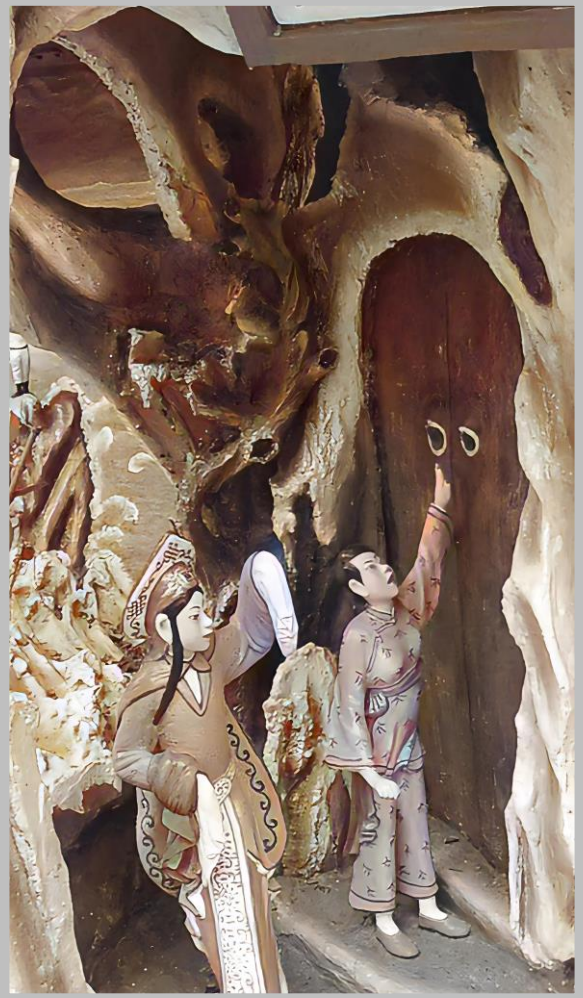
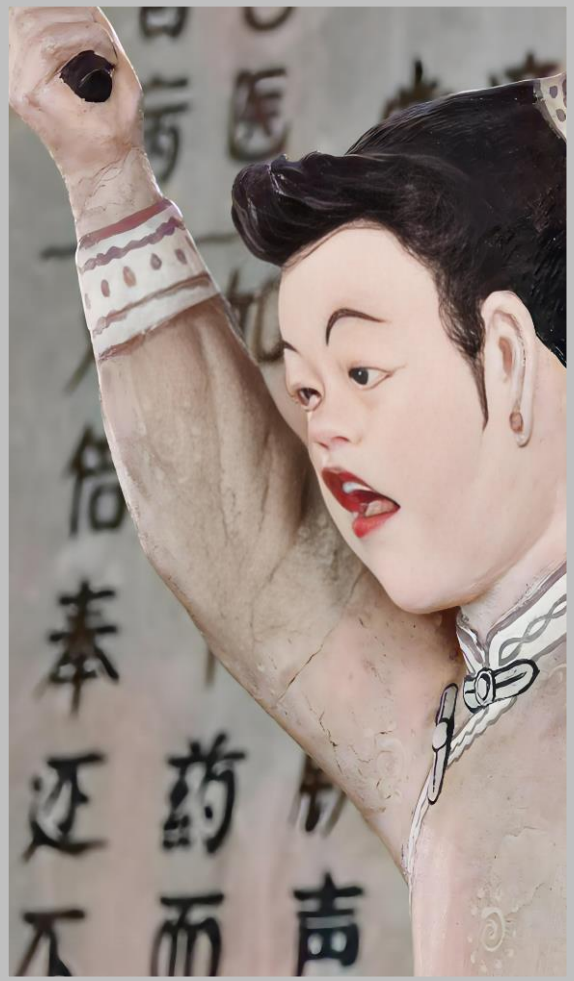


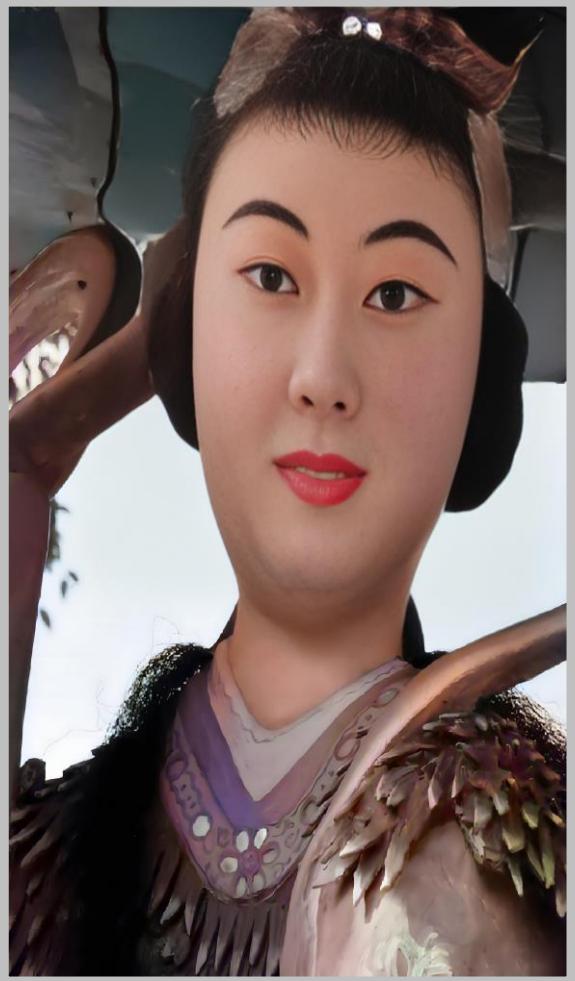




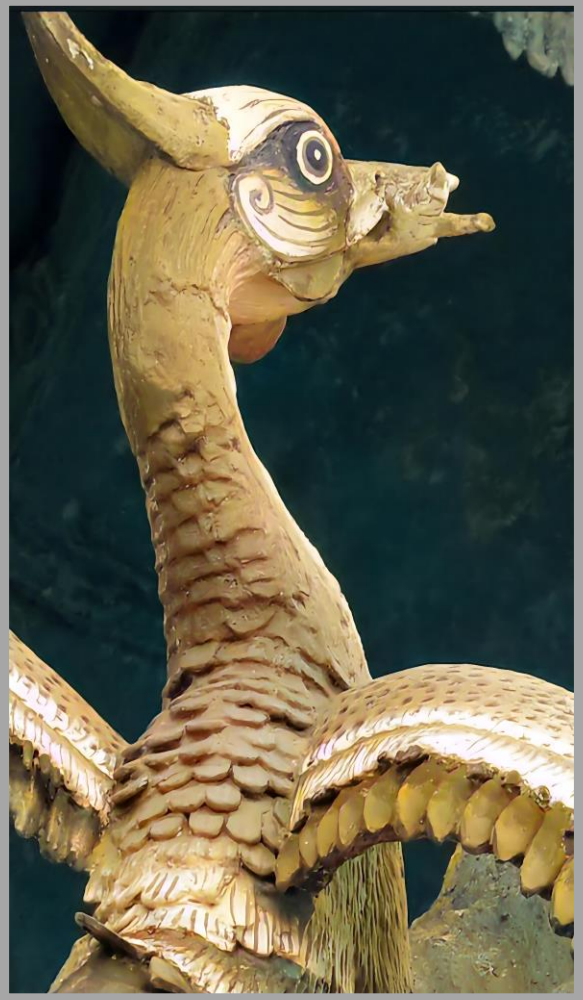


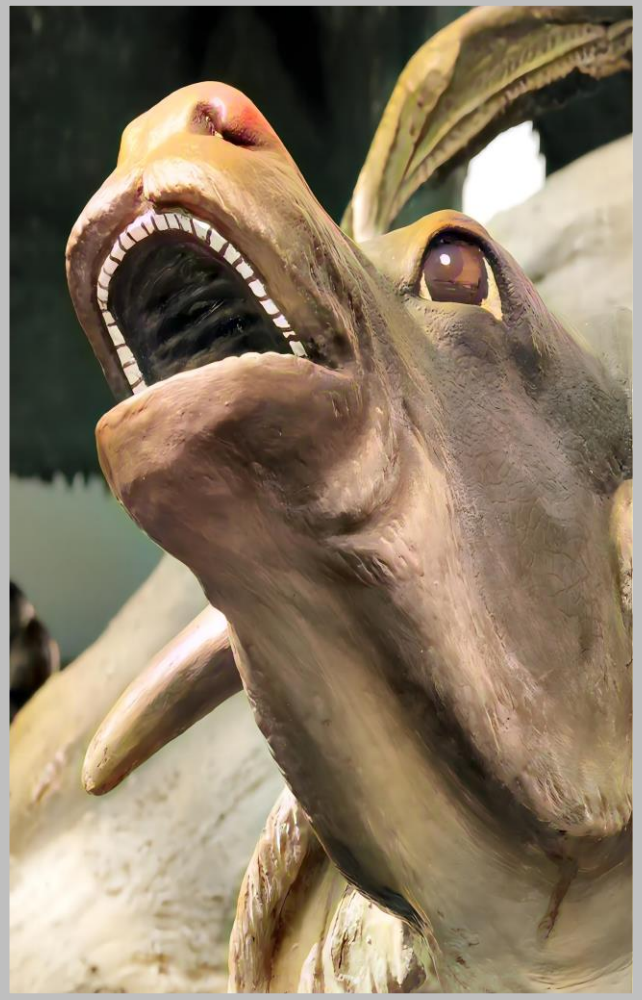


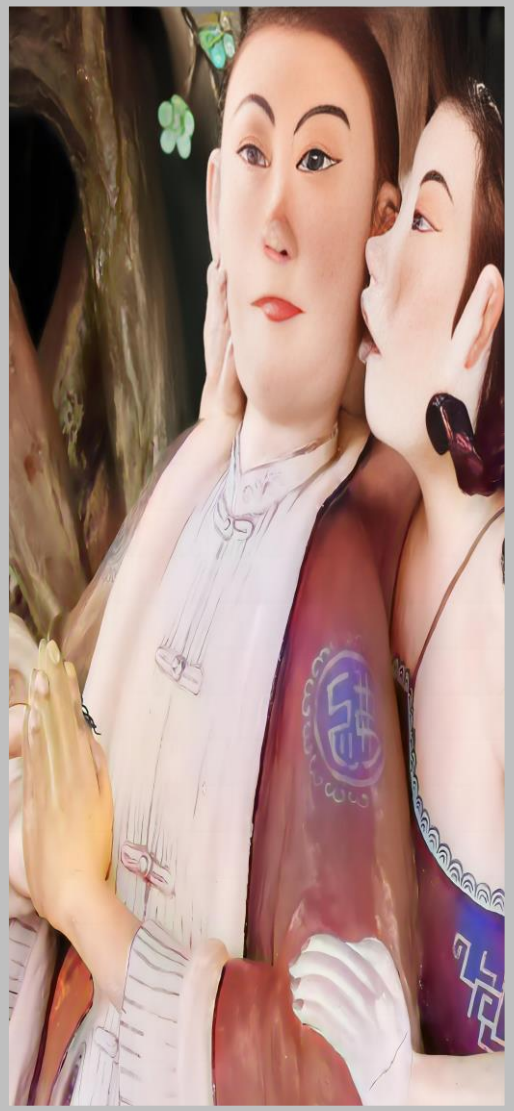


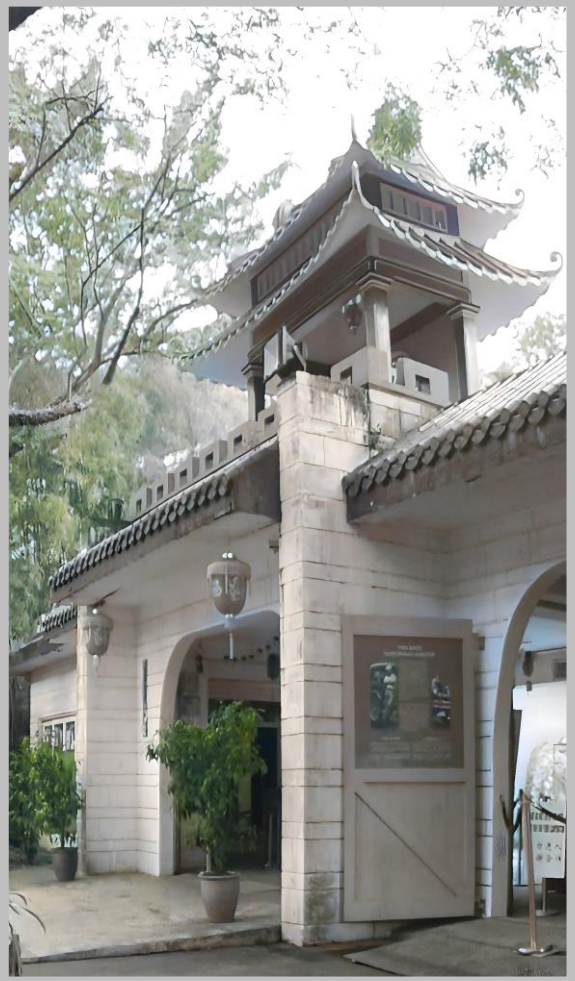


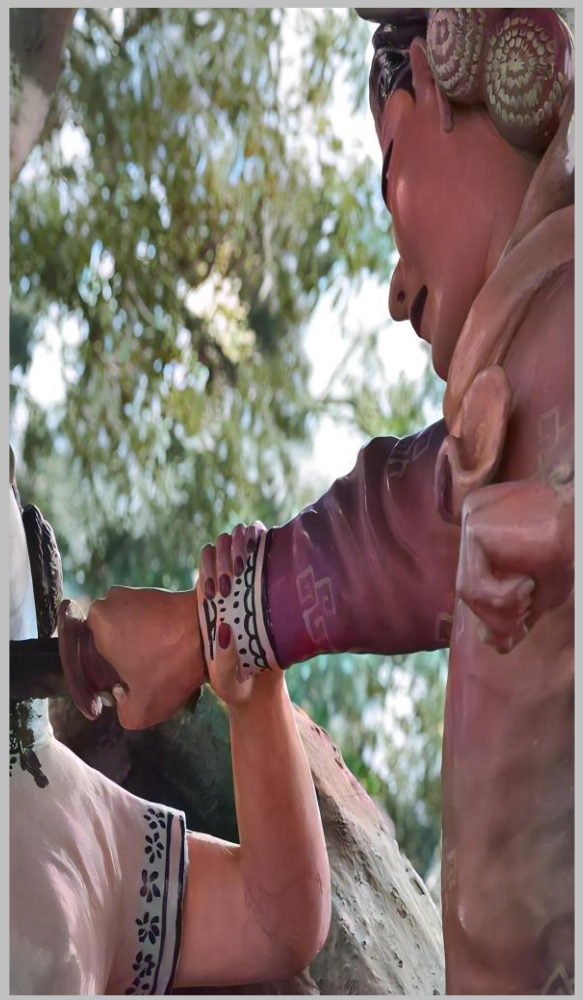
早就逃無踪
在兒豹子色狼
假如兩天

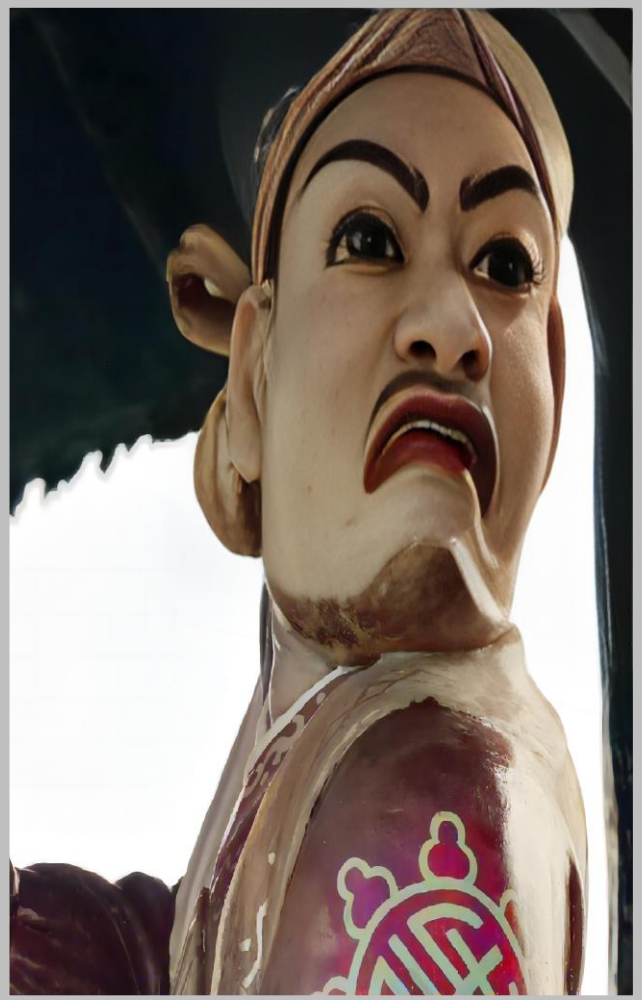


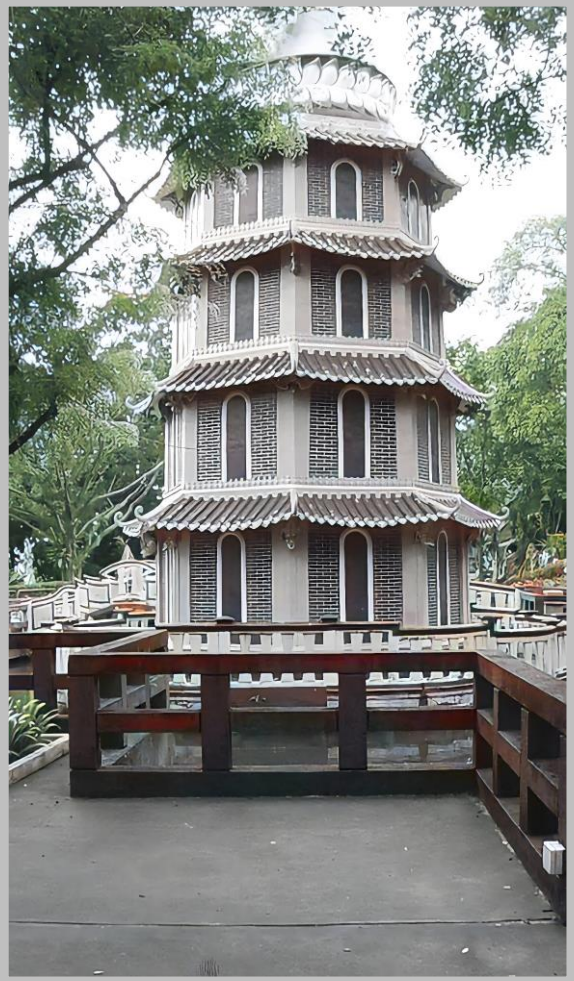


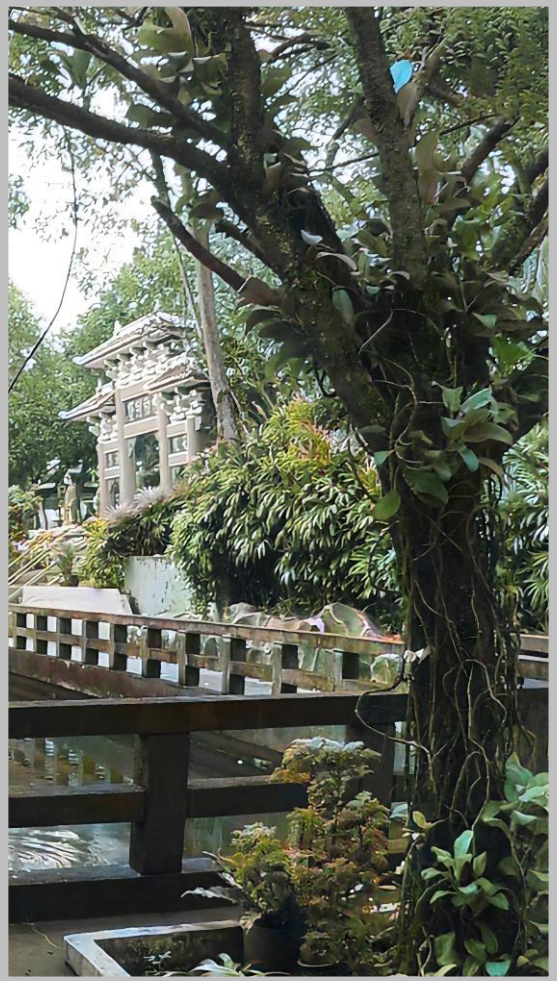








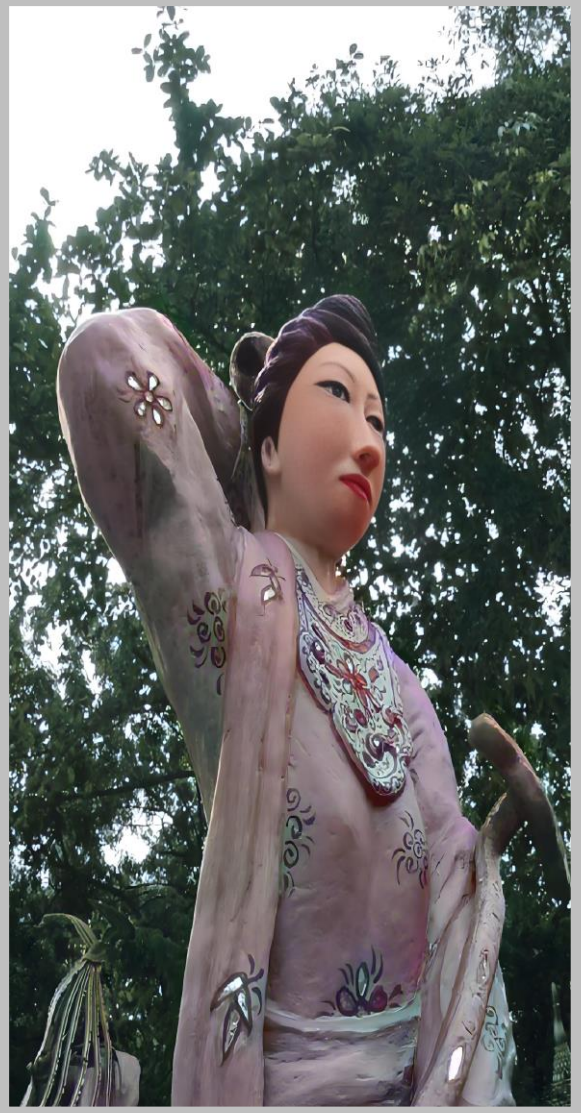


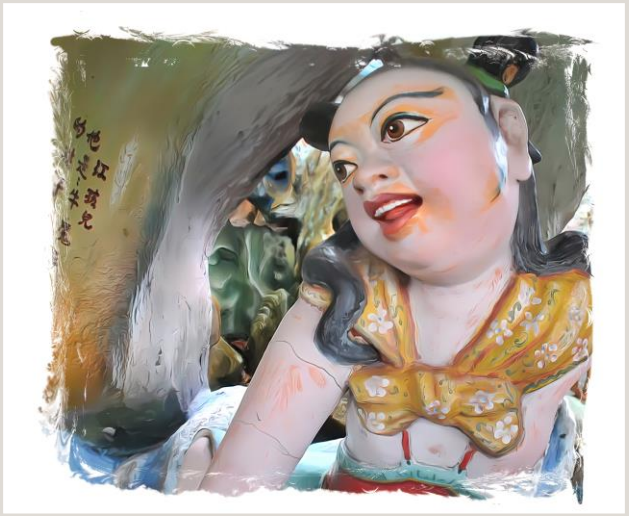


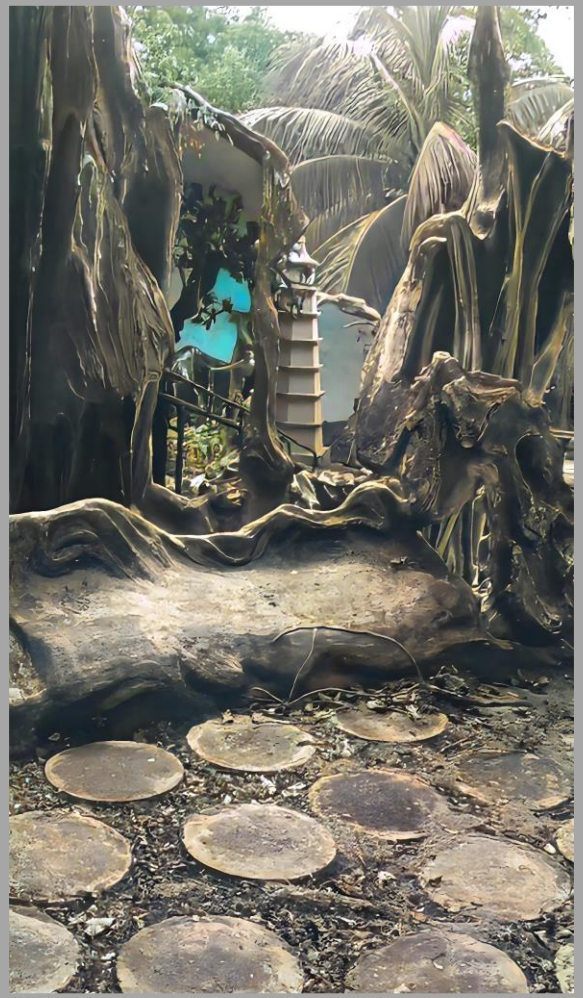
虎豹別墅
海濱
天風

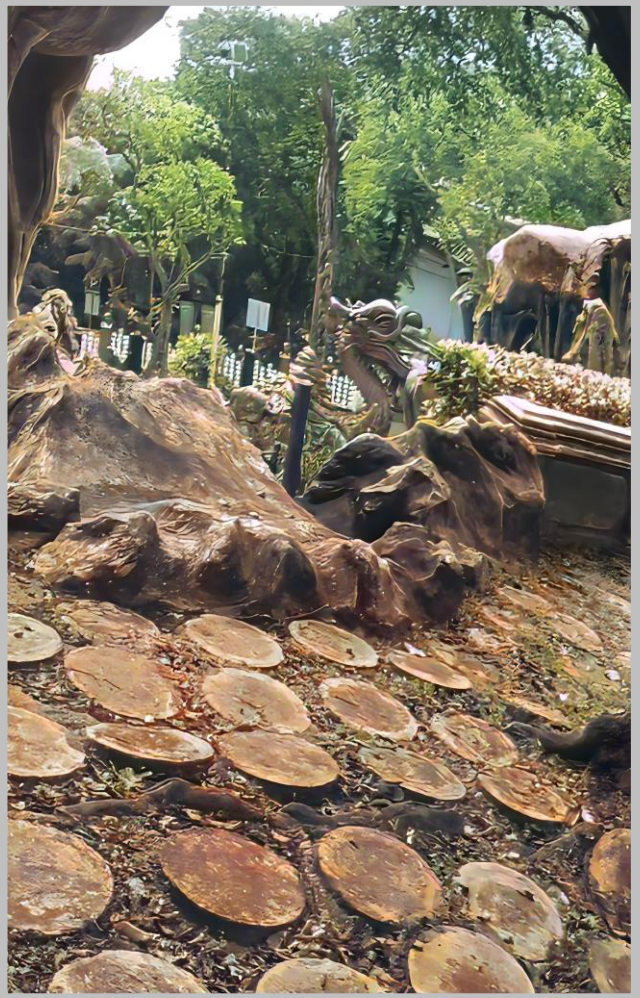
虎豹別墅

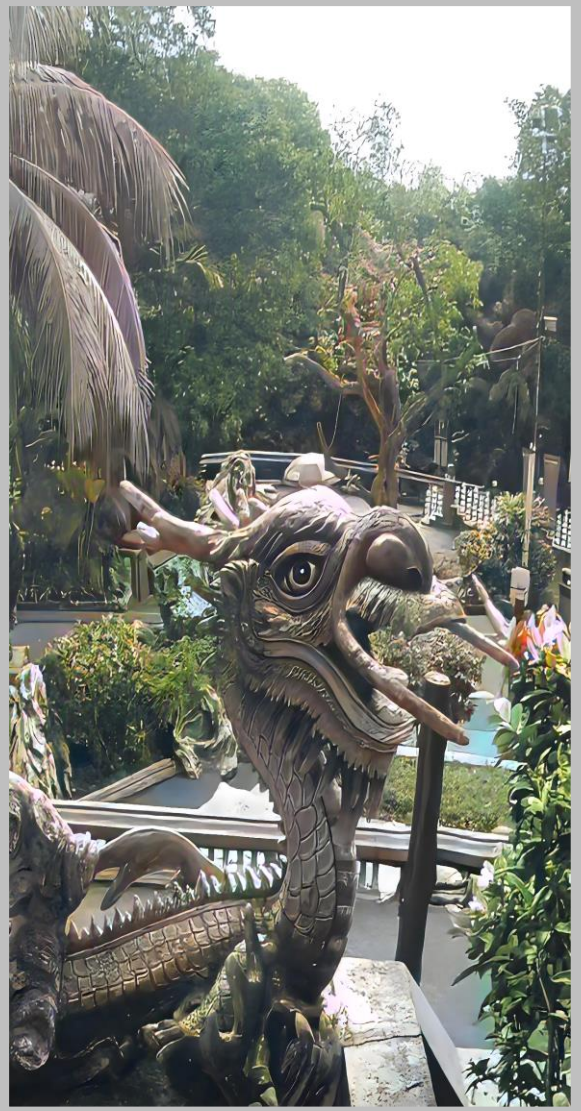
美滿良緣

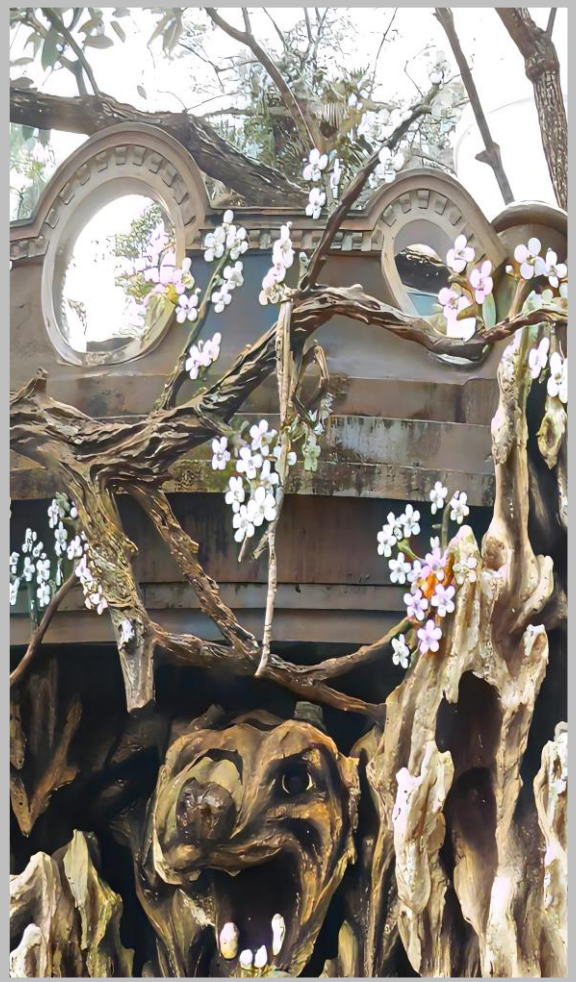


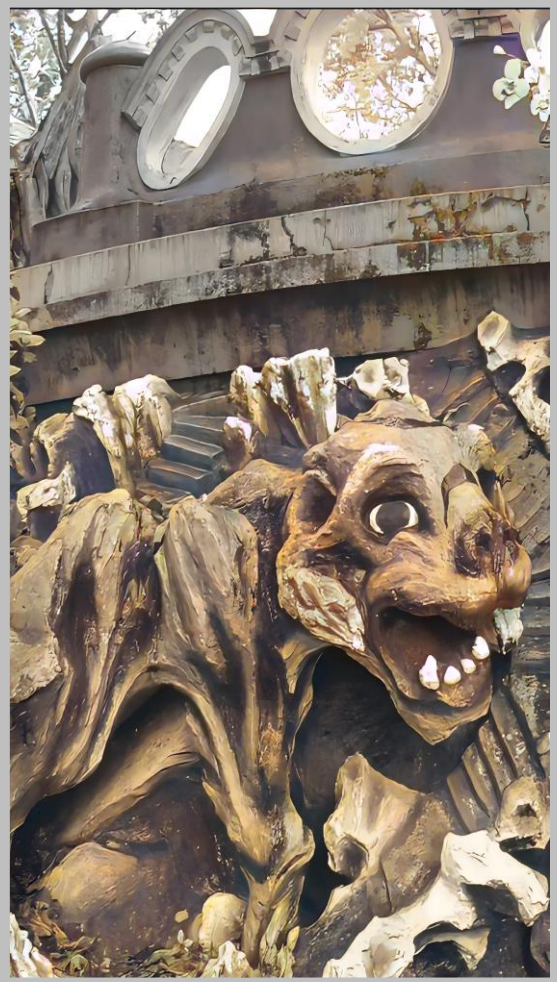


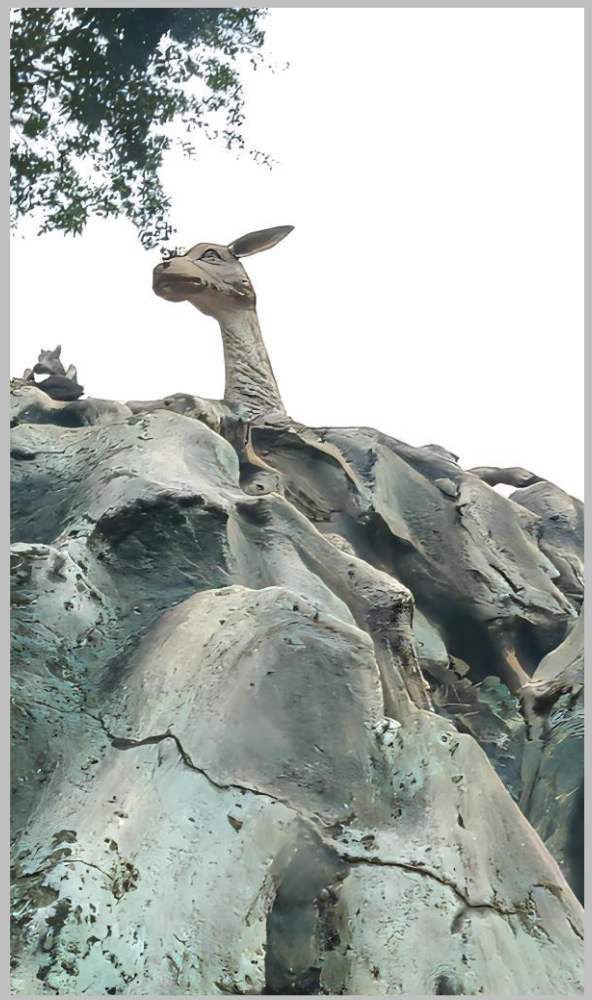


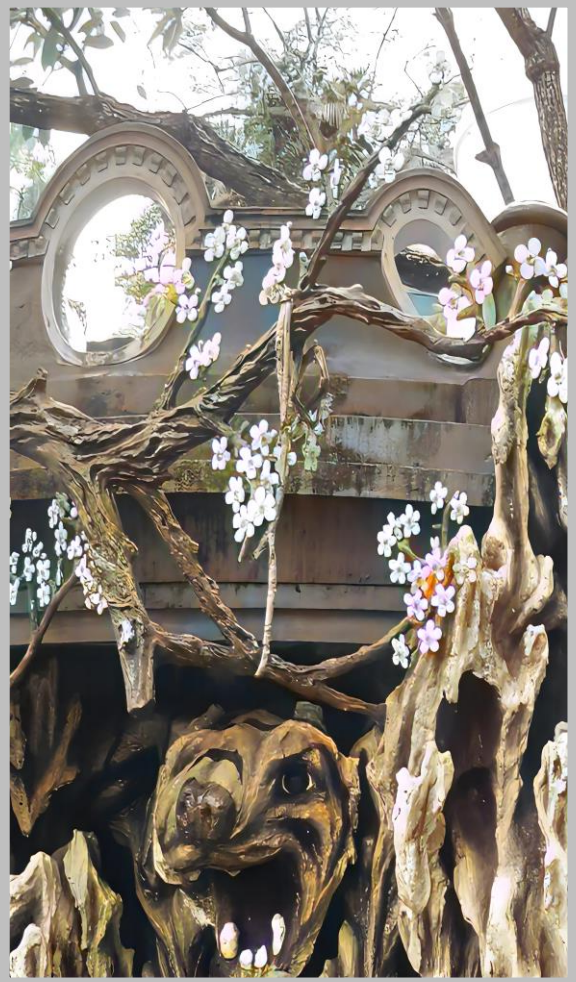


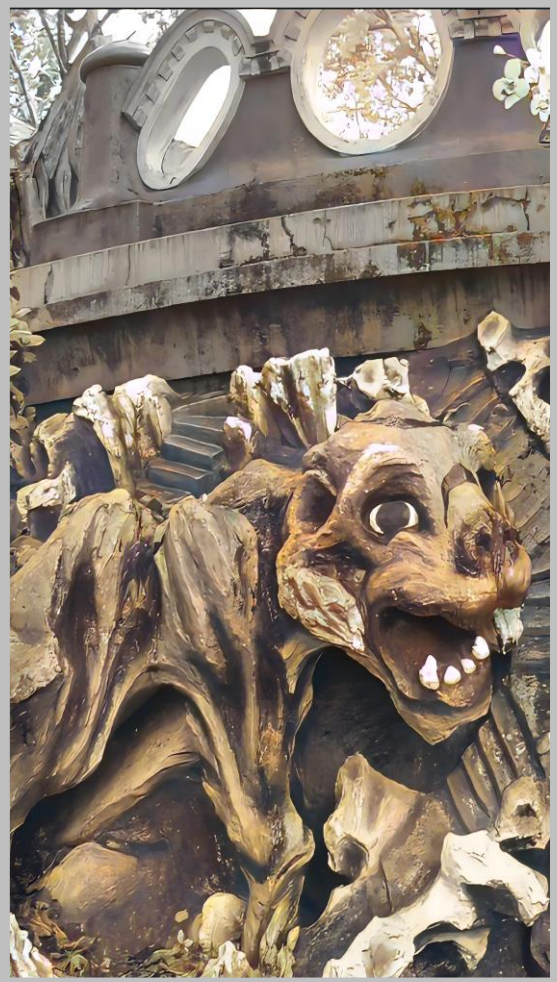












SEE HOW THE WIND BLOWS

Regardez comme le vent souffle

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BUSTED WITHOUT A CLUE

LOST IN THE THOUGHTS 1

BURDENED BY WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

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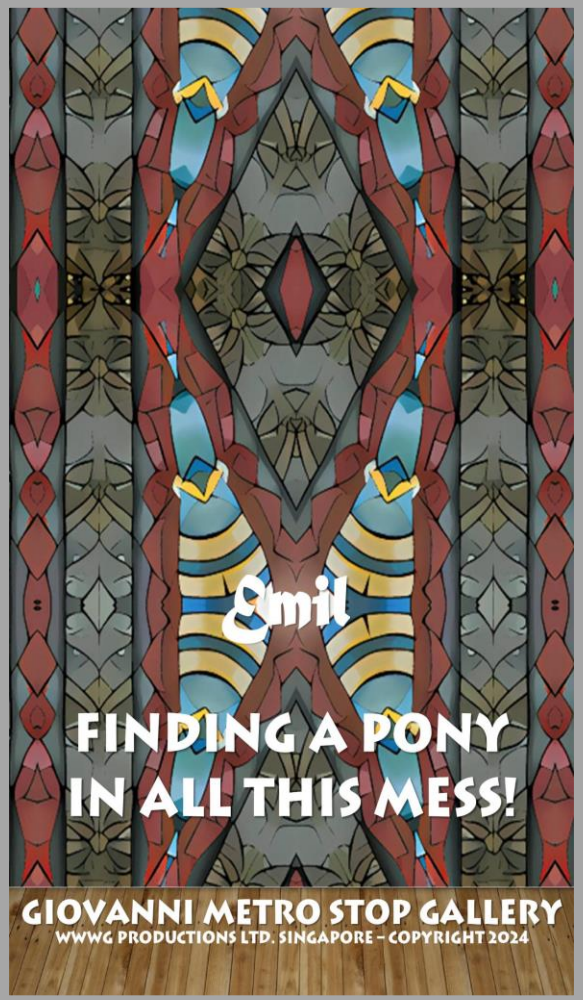
Emil
FINDING A PONY
IN ALL THIS MESS!
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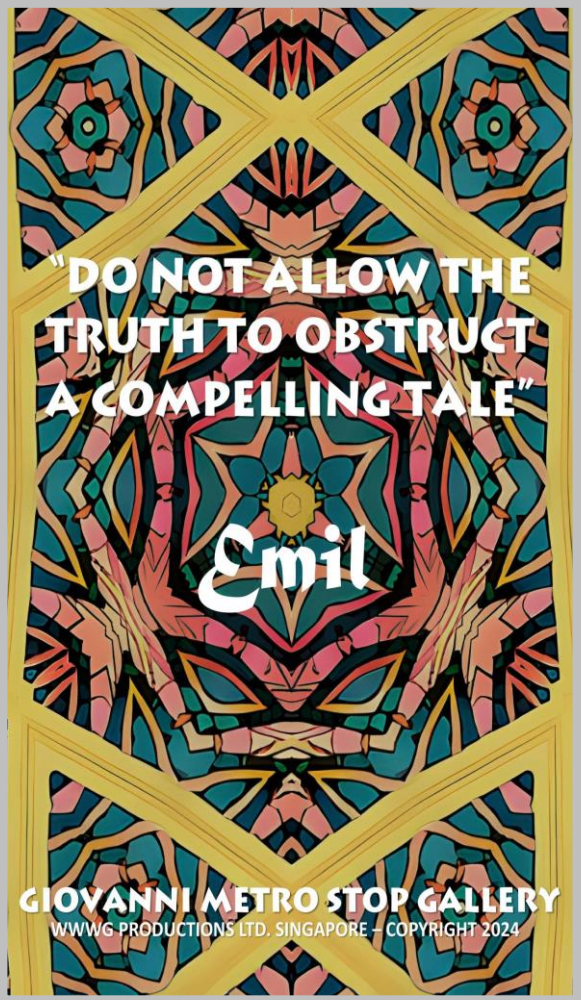
"DO NOT ALLOW THE
TRUTH TO OBSTRUCT
A COMPELLING TALE"
Emil
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Emil
NIP IT IN THE BUD!
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OFFENE HERZEN KÖNNEN DEN HIMMEL BERÜHREN 1

Mit einem Geflüster hier und einem Geständnis am Sterbebett dort

Emil

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